

## **MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH –Sixtieth Edition- May 2, 2004**

Created by Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)



### **Spring Art**

Bob Hughes photos courtesy Gina Span [ginaspan@yahoo.com](mailto:ginaspan@yahoo.com)

## **COMPUTER LITERACY**

By Gus Barrett [sourdoughs2@shaw.ca](mailto:sourdoughs2@shaw.ca)

Mind boggling it seems to me,  
The abilities of my P.C.  
So capable it fairly sings,  
When adding or dividing things.  
It sends my mail and brings me news,  
Of sports and all political views.  
It takes me to exotic lands,  
Brings music from the best of bands.

It tells me when I have a date,  
Adjusts my clock so I'm not late,  
It does my banking, monitors stock,  
And keeps updated my address book,  
Brings me movies and videos,  
And answers when nobody knows.  
I marvel at the data locked  
Within that little plastic box.

It has games to help me pass the time,  
On its keyboard I compose my rhymes,  
It types my letters, keeps my books,  
Keeps recipes for Blanche to cook.  
And if I but express the need,

It will trace my genealogy.  
Oh, lord, if I could only be,  
Just half as smart as my P.C.

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**On The “White Pass” Payroll** by S.H. Graves      Part II  
Submitted by Dorothy Graham [dorothyg\\*dccnet.com](mailto:dorothyg*dccnet.com)

This is an excerpt from “On the “White Pass” Pay-roll” by S. H. Graves, the President White Pass & Yukon Route. Printed Chicago 1908.

Skaguay, July 8, 1898

‘In times of peace, prepare for war—and there’s 200 cartridges anyway’ said the Purchasing Agent, coming into the engineers’ mess tent, where we were at breakfast this morning, and laying them down with four Winchester repeating rifles (one for each of us) on the breakfast table. It seems that the ‘citizens’ have determined to call ‘Soapy’ to an account and have notified him that the stolen gold dust must be restored. “Within 24 hours,” and that ‘Soapy’ is not inclined to comply, saying the money was lost ‘in a square game.’ The ‘citizens’ have called a mass meeting to consider what steps are to be taken, and it means a fight, and they look to us to lead them.

“After breakfast Heney, Hawkins, Hislop, and myself received urgent invitations to attend a small and select meeting of prominent ‘citizens’, hastily summoned because of the feeling that nothing definite was likely to result from mass meetings. Seventeen of us attended this meeting (euphemistically called the ‘Merchants Committee’, but in point of fact a vigilance committee pure and simple), but no action was taken beyond electing a chairman and adjourning to 11 p.m. when it was quite understood by all present that ‘active measures’ were to be adopted. Being manifestly the least qualified for such a position, you will easily understand that I was unanimously chosen for chairman, despite my protests. However, I have fortunately our ‘Three H’s (Heney, Hawkins and Hislop) to advise me, and it would be hard to duplicate such a trio. (That sounds more Irish than it really is.) The first thing we decided upon was to send Heney and Hawkins up the Pass to prepare our camps for the hard fighting which seems inevitable, leaving Hislop and myself in Skaguay to deal with the local situation and attend the meeting tonight. Of course we shall keep in touch with one another by our private telephone to the various camps.

Having attended to these matters and our daily grist of construction affairs (which must be attended to irrespective of revolutions), I found an Italian bootblack and made a contract with him to black my boots for 25 cents (a shilling), which seems high unless you saw the boots. But he had hardly got himself into action when I felt a light touch on my shoulder and saw Hislop apparently depreciating the performance. “It is hardly wise just now’ he said in his gentle tones. I thought he meant that it was a poor investment in view of the fact that the boots would soon be as bad as ever. But he explained that the public’s feeling was very excited and ran high, and that while it did not necessarily follow the course that a man was honest because he had dirty boots, on the other hand there was

an irresistible presumption that if his boots shone, he must earn his living by questionable methods. The idea may be concisely formulated 'the luster of a man's character varies inversely with that of his boots.' I felt that my character was not sufficiently established to run any risks and reluctantly cancelled the Italian's contract, but I had to pay him just the same. What did he care about my character!

There are excited crowds all day on the streets, but 'Soapy's' 'lambs', as he calls his Volunteers, are working just like London police, breaking up the groups. One almost expects to hear the familiar 'Move on now – move on please'.

July 9<sup>th</sup>. The unexpected has happened. 'Soapy' Smith is dead and his lieutenants (including the United States Deputy Marshal) are in irons under guard of the Merchants Committee, and hardly a shot fired. It would be impossible to say which side was the most taken by surprise, but we recovered first and consequently reaped an almost bloodless victory. It happened this way.

The mass meeting was assembling at 9 last night on one of the wharves and two of their number had been detailed to hold the entrance and allow none of 'Soapy's' friends in. No one was expecting any immediate fighting, and there was only one revolver in the crowd carried by a man named Reid, who was one of the two men holding the entrance. Our committee was not to meet till 11, and no one expected any action before about 2 or 3 in the morning. A ship had just arrived with 1500 tons of rails and sleepers that we were in a hurry for. She had been berthed at the adjoining wharf, and Whiting (our Division Superintendent), and myself had been down to see that they began unloading promptly. On our way back we had casually noticed the crowd assembling on the other wharf for the mass meeting, but neither of us paid any attention to it, till we had left our wharf and were in the street leading to the wharf the crowd was on.

We were about 50 yards from the two men holding the entrance, and the crowd was about 75 or 80 yards further on down the wharf when suddenly Whiting said, 'By the Lord, here comes "Soapy" – now look out!' 'Nonsense,' I said, 'he's only bluffing'. While I was speaking he passed near enough to touch me. He was ostentatiously armed with a couple of big revolvers and a belt of cartridges and carried a double barreled Winchester repeating rifle across his arm, as he shouted to the crowd to 'chase themselves home to bed'.

I stood laughing till I saw he was followed about 25 yards behind by a bodyguard of 14 of his picked men who were grimly silent and displayed no arms, though they were notoriously always armed to the teeth. These men followed 'Soapy' past me and shut out my view, so I moved to the 'sidewalk' and saw 'Soapy' go up to Reid and make a bluff to hit him over the head with the barrel of his rifle. Reid put up one hand and protected his head by catching the barrel. 'Soapy', failing to shake off Reid's hold, jerked back the rifle suddenly, which brought the muzzle against Reid's stomach. Reid still held 'Soapy's' rifle with one hand as before, but he put the other slowly in his coat pocket, and without taking it out again commenced to shoot his revolver. 'Soapy' at the same instant began to pump shots from his Winchester into Reid's stomach.

It would be impossible to say which fired first, the shots were absolutely simultaneous. Each fired four shots, though one of Reid's first shots had gone clean through 'Soapy's' heart. It was not murder so much as a sort of spontaneous killing. Neither man had any intention of killing a moment before, but they must have seen death in each other's eyes at the last moment and both fired together. They fell together in a confused heap on the planking of the wharf, Soapy' of course stone dead, and Reid dying. It all happened in an instant.

Meanwhile, his bodyguard where within 25 yards of the two prostrate men and of the remaining entrance keeper, a little Irishman named Murphy who worked for us. When his Guards saw 'Soapy' fall, they gave a ferocious yell and drew their 'guns' (as they call their heavy revolvers), and sprang forward for vengeance on the unarmed crowd, and it looked as if what I had mistaken for a comedy was going to become a shambles. The the little Irishman was the right man in the right place and rose to the emergency, as our White Pass men have a way of doing. "Begob, Sorr' he said to me an hour later. I had nawthing but a pencil whin I saw thim tigers making jumps for me. But he had his quick wits and like a flash he had snatched 'Soapy's' Winchester from the dead man's hands. And the leading tiger saw Murphy's eye gazing at him along the sights. Involuntarily, the "Tiger" checked his rush and was passed by another of the Guards. That instant Murphy shifted his sights and covered the new leader, and the same thing happened. By the time he had in turn covered the third leader, the 'Tigers' behind realized that the three or four first of them were sure to be shot and they were not in such a hurry somehow. Then the men in front realized that they were not being supported and looked around to see why – the rush was over, and in another moment the whole fourteen "Tigers' broke and fled.

At that instant the crowd on the wharf, that had stood paralyzed with terror, became a blood thirsty pack of wolves and with a yell they started in pursuit, unarmed. It was lucky that I had moved aside on to the sidewalk. The 'Tigers' swept past me and in another moment the crowd jumping over the dead 'Soapy' and the dying Reid in their mad rush, tore by me yelling 'Get your guns, citizens'. When they had gone by, I ran over to our office tent and telephoned to Heney at Camp 3 and Hawkins at Camp 5 what had happened, and arranged with them to hold the Pass and let no one go by without a written order signed by Hislop or me, and to hold their men ready to come down and help us to clear up the town if we called for help. But it wasn't necessary.

## **WHITE HORSE**

At the turn of the century, "white horse" was a common term for a standing wave or whitecap. The rapids just upstream from the town got their name this way. Although the community had commonly been known as Whitehorse - often spelled as two words - by prospectors and traders, the White Pass & Yukon Route wanted to change the name to Closeleigh, after the company's British backers, the Close Brothers. The Territory's

Commissioner, William Ogilvie, ruled that the town's original name should be kept, since it was so well established.

Henry Breaden



**Whitehorse about 1960**

Bob Hughes photos courtesy Gina Span [ginaspan@yahoo.com](mailto:ginaspan@yahoo.com)



## **WHITE HORSE**

I was always told that the rapids were named for their appearance of white horses' manes. Our family was rather closely tied to the rapids as my great grandfather piloted riverboats through them in the early days. They lived at Canyon City in those days. If

you have ever seen the picture of the Clifford Sifton coming through Miles Canyon in 1906, you have seen the shadowy figure of my great grandfather, J.E.F "Cap" Hoggan.

I suspect the Indian chief story was a late-comer to the lore of the Yukon. Yukoners are renowned for their ability to come up with a good story.

Maribeth Mainer

## **Fleeting Images**

By Ron Hiltz [rnmhiltz\\*glinx.com](mailto:rnmhiltz@glinx.com)

After departed from the Territory in the spring of 1970, I have longed to return often throughout the ensuing years. Even though I know the City of White Horse has changed repeatedly over the years, to a point where today I would likely be hard pressed to recognize any of it from what I once knew as a child.

If today I should image myself on foot in the middle of Fourth Avenue I would march out in search for Lambert Street. Whereupon I would turn and set out toward the river in search of the Log Sky Scraper, a landmark I once used as a child when detouring to and from kindergarten.

As a child I would stair and marvel at it towering in the sky line, the aroma of the fresh cut spruce fire wood from a lot farther along the street would fit perfect. I would continue onward from a familiar landmark, walking across Second Avenue towards the railroad tracks of the White Pass. Reaching the train tracks I would eagerly train my eyes downward on the river and slowly turn to my right surveying the track as it stretched out in the distance. If I chanced, squinting my eyes ever slightly perhaps I might catch the shadowy glimpse of a few children farther down the rails searching for pop bottles, or waiting for an on-coming train, and perhaps plotting the placing of penny's on the rails for the train to flatten under its wheels.

If I were to open my eyes once more and continuing walking along the railway, thoughts of years past and childhood adventures of my own along these same rails would come filtering back. Pausing briefly on the ties before turning once more toward the river I would likely be facing a boat launch. Stepping over the rails and down the slope of the rail bed with strides shortened to maintain my balance to prevent slipping; the following imprint of footprints would be stretched out on moist earth behind as if reaching back to the early summer of 1959. One may have seen a child on a little red and white tricycle accompanied by a thin dark haired woman with an ever-vigilant Chihuahua cradled under a left arm. A boy filled with excitement bouncing on the seat waving a greeting to a bush plane taxing up to a float plain dock, a child filled with seemingly a thousand questions wanting to know peoples names were they were coming from and going to, how long and what was being unloaded from the aircrafts. Soft tinkling sounds of a hot aircraft engine cooling down, the aroma of aviation gas drifting from the dock would draw the child's senses to attention. A background aroma of young summer grass and leaves waving in a

gentle breeze flowing along the river flats. Lending a peaceful fresh fragrance to the air along the riverbank.

When all activity had concluded at the dock the child would pedal the tricycle homeward down the dirt road leaving the floatplanes behind.

A stop by the yard of the lady known as Kay was customary, to view the lush raised flower beds loaded with all manner of flowers exuding colors and scent framed with a white rail fence, were upon the boy would engage Kay and her dog "King" with all the details of the days events as only one so small could, adding as many pats and hugs to the dogs head and neck as the small arms and hands could reach on the large dog. Departing from Kay's with the promise to stop by tomorrow would be as routine as Kay's day of laboring over flowerbeds. A little farther up the road past a few more houses the woman with the tiny dog under one arm would open the a gate through a white picket fence to quaint small house finished in gray asphalt, were the child would disappear with his tricycle behind the gate as it closed.

During one of those early excursions out side the front yard of the small house, the boy encountered a large black tomcat atop of a garbage can waiting as if in greeting, enticed the child walked away from the yard on foot to return the greeting to a new found friend, a great black cat. One would have over heard a conversation as only a child could conduct with a cat, the incorrigible charismatic feline, whose name was "Sammy" the two agreed. Concluding the new friendship should be celebrated over dinner. Upon entering the house with a new found companion, Sammy was greeted by a small dog "Gypsy" wearing an ugly face to ward of the offending intruder, but would be to no avail against the large cat, with his guile charm and wit slid past the small dog and in to the kitchen, posting himself beside the kitchen range. With the announcement of wiener's and macaroni for lunch all three of them would share in the fine fare. With Sammy included as a new playmate the trio would enjoy countless hours of fun playing games, sharing lunch and napping in front of the radio during story time, the following year the trio would be joined by a new pup, some time later the fearless Sammy would end up among the missing, meeting a demise of his own undertaking. Sammy's charm and wit was missed by his circle of friends but never forgotten.

As summer faded into fall and winter later gave way to spring the days stretched anew to greet summer once more, so had the young boy over winter. With new children arriving in the "flats", new playmates were found, new friendships formed, the sound of endless games of Cops and Robbers, Cow Boys and Indians and Pirates forging new paths about the flats in search of treasure through small trash piles about the area hidden amid the smell of fresh grass and willows. Games carried by imagination lead seemingly endless days on the flats, pausing only for lunch or to collect pop bottles to barter for candy at the nearest corner store were the only interruptions to days filled with high adventure. A call from each house in turn to collect the children for the night would sound out over the flats ending each day.

With a collie as a constant companion and play mate at the boy's side he and neighborhood children would set out to greet each fresh new day with boundless energy and imagination for endless games of hide and seek, tag, kick the can, red rover or to wherever their little feet carried them about the flats during those days of summer. As all good things must come to an end, too soon the aroma of grass weeds and rose hips followed the falling of leaves of fall. With winter snow came ski pants, coats, hats, boots, and mitts. As the river ice formed play centered on an inclined area of the train tracks opposite the float plain dock. Children would spend afternoon's racing up hill on foot and speeding back down the slope to the flats on cardboard their bodies warmed with excitement, voices echoed the activity out over the flats carried by frosty air. A collie dog would likely be seen playing with children during those times. Soon the approaching darkness of the late afternoon would summon the aroma of supper up through the flats to the train tracks where children would soon be called home and the outside lights came on.

As if standing once more on the tracks, inhaling slowly, the memory of a later point in time when I had to give the loyal and friendly but foolish collie "Lassie" away. Parting company was deemed necessary as the confines of life later in a remote camp clashed with the phobia and cold fear she would evoke on one poor terrified member of the camp. It was during a time of impending turmoil of early adolescence years that Lassie and I had to part. She was given to a family far enough away in hopes that she might never attempt to leave in search of us. Missing her was the hard part as she was my first dog.

If I were to turn and look back the way I imagined arriving at this spot on the edge of town, thoughts of other activities up town during those years would come to mind. Trips back and forth over this same spot to go to an occasional Saturday matinee at the theater, or to go around back of the White Horse Inn to watch the donut machine through the window of the bakery before running around front to be seated in a booth and ordering a fresh treat from the donut machine out back.

If I were able to walk along the tracks toward the train crossing, eventually coming somewhere abreast of Hawkins St, a winter chill would course through me causing my lungs to fill as if with cold frosty air. Reminded by the adrenalin rushing and fear felt from a long ago near fatal slip and fall.

During a winter day crisp with frost a small boy could be seen dashing across the flats heading toward Hawkins St, dressed in Sunday best heading for a short cut over the train tracks to Sunday school, wearing black shoes as shiny as the hard pack snow under foot, bouncing and sliding along with much anticipation to the day ahead, his momentum carried him up one side of the rail bed, only to lose his balance and footing after crossing into the ravine between the tracks and up the slope to the street beyond. With feet in shoes with shiny soles unable to gain footing on hard snow packed slopes left a young boy stranded at the bottom of the ravine. With no ears to here the cries for help while the cold penetrated through the Sunday clothes. With chill numbing a small frame, and hands without mitts soon became blue, as did his face. Crying with fright and pain from the cold and many failed attempts to claw and crawl out of the ravine a numb hand finally grasped a rail. Pulling himself upright he would be facing the flats and home. Barely able to cry

with the numbing cold he would be seen shivering violently hardly able to walk back home. Later cries of pain would sound from the small home as the parents within warmed a very cold frightened young boy. A lesson was learned that day; a first mistake can be a last.

Walking toward the crossing thoughts of the train remind me to look about, tipping my chair back from the desk to look up and pause and note that it will be a little over a year until I get there.

Ron Hiltz

## **I STILL FEEL THE PAIN**

By Debbie Kelly [debbiekelly\\*on.aibn.com](http://debbiekelly*on.aibn.com)

This fragile bit of clay  
How vulnerable  
To the winds of chance  
That wounds thought healed  
Can open at a word, a touch, a glance.

This all but forgotten hurt  
How persistently  
It clings to memories cord  
And subjects the child within  
To its unsheathed sword.

This pain clothed by time  
Now exposed  
Opens wide the conscious eye  
To the sharp edge of sorrow  
And penetrates the hidden cry.

This secret anger burning still  
Now undiminished  
In its passion's heat  
That leaves its mark on time  
And will not allow past hurt to sleep.

## **Bud Harbottle Manuscript (Copyright 2004)**

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### **Chapter 2**

My first recollection of life was on November 11, 1918. I was three years old and that was the day the Armistice was signed at the end of the first Great War.

My Father took me on his shoulders in the evening to the ballpark, which was in the center of town to a celebration, which was attended by the whole population. A large effigy of the German Kaiser had been built out of lumber and covered with canvas and blankets. After dark it, was set on fire. I had a grandstand seat, of course, and it must have been an eye popping sight as I can still see the large wildly cheering crowd singing and dancing around this burning figure of a man.

The Whitehorse school was a large building with three big classrooms. The twelve grades were divided among three teachers. The Principal took the high school classes. We all lived within seven or eight blocks of the school so we could all go home for lunch even on the coldest days when it could be forty or sixty below zero. In temperatures like that we just put on more clothes and moved faster. I cannot recall the school being closed at any time due to the extreme temperatures. Our skating rink was open air and it was never too cold to play hockey.

A city block in the center of town was set-aside for recreational purposes. It had a regulation size ball park, tennis courts, a building for curling and a large two-story building that had bowling alleys, a game room, and a large dance hall with a stage where live plays were enacted, and where the orchestra sat for dances. It also had a large silver screen for movies. The seats were hard wooden benches and after two hours of watching a silent movie everyone was squirming about to ease the aches and pains. The older people brought their own cushions. The upstairs held a banquet room and a place for the movie projectionist. Small children were left there with an attendant during dances.

Our swimming pool was a backwater from the river, which made a nice little pond. It was about a mile from the center of town. The dressing rooms were two large willow bushes for his and hers and I cannot ever remember the code of conduct being violated anymore than if they had been indoor dressing rooms. There was a good wood supply all around the area so we always had a good fire to dry off by and get warm, as the water was cool.

There were no boats but we had log rafts, which we could paddle, or pole around the pond and use for diving. I had a close call one day when I came up under the raft and could not get out to the surface for some reason. One of the older boys dove under and pulled me out but I had taken on quite a bit of water. Those were truly great days. Everyone gathered around on weekends and had picnics.

My father taught me how to use a rifle safely when I was quite young so I spent a great part of my time after school and weekends walking through the woods in summer or snowshoeing in winter hunting for birds such as grouse and ptarmigan and small game such as rabbits. These were all good eating. I became an expert shot and the largest animal I got was a coyote, which I skinned out and sold for twenty dollars. This was enough to buy a new twenty-two rifle.

I can remember being in the woods on a cold winter night with the moonlight making it almost as bright as daylight and hearing the snow crunch under the snowshoes. The pine and spruce trees popped like rifle shots from the cold and the northern lights were so bright I could hear them swishing as they moved across the sky.

All cooking and heating was done by wood stoves, as no coal, gas or heating oil was available. In the fall of the year, the whole family would take a picnic lunch and go to our favourite wood patch to cut the winter's wood. Ten cords were necessary for the winter so it kept us busy for some time to get it all up. I learned at an early age to use a double bitted axe and a saw.

In the early 1920's there were probably only a dozen motor vehicles in the town and horses were still being used to a large extent. My father had two vehicles, a Model T Ford and a Dodge Touring car, which he used in his jitney business.

The roads into the surrounding country were very primitive having been designed and built for horse traffic. The creeks had to be forded, as there were bridges only on the exceptionally deep creeks or across canyons that could not be forded. There was a cable ferry at Takhini River as it was too wide and deep for fording or bridging. There was much muskeg, mud holes, and sand hills, especially in the Champagne area. Some of the creeks had large boulder bottoms which were no problem for horses but very hard on motor vehicles. So it was quite an adventure to take a load of people and supplies to Champagne, Bear Creek, Silver or Kluane Lake, Carcross, Tagish or Carmacks.

Travelling by motor vehicle was not too much faster than travelling by horse and wagon, but enough to attract most travellers to those places in spite of the difficulties. Champagne was sixty-four miles from Whitehorse. Under ideal conditions it was a four and a half hour journey. Under less favourable conditions, it could take all day. A trip to Carmacks in the summer, which was a hundred miles over a road built for winter traffic only, was two days or more.

My Father taught me to drive when I was ten years old but of course I could not go out alone. When I was eleven my Mother had appendicitis, which developed into peritonitis before she could get to the hospital. Consequently, she was very ill. In fact, she almost died and was six months recovering. So she could get out in the fresh air during the summer, my Father got special permission for me to drive her around.

My test was to drive a Sergeant of the Mounted Police force, who had never learned to drive, around town and through alleys. As there were no other vehicles about, it was not

too difficult to do as he requested and he passed me. I was so anxious to drive that I am sure I talked my Mother into going for a ride even when she did not want to.

## **Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids**

By Henry Breaden

We might ask ourselves how the Miles Canyon and Whitehorse Rapids came into existence? The whole Whitehorse area is a geothermal area, which is proven by the Hot Springs. Whatever took place would have been thousands of years ago. Both areas are basalt, which resulted from a lava flow that took place in history. When the Whitehorse hydro dam was drilled, from the casings it proved that there were at least two flows with a layer of sand, sediment and gravel between them. So this indicates that there was a period of time between flows. Being of a curious nature, Alice and I hiked the Grey Mountain area for evidence of a volcanic blow-out without success. But between Schwatka Lake and Ear Lake we did find the vent that produced the lava that created the Whitehorse Rapids. I regret now that we did not press on to see if there was a similar vent above the Canyon. At the time of the blow, there was not enough "Poof!" to create a volcano, but enough to flow lava downhill and across what is now the river.

Below the Canyon was what was known as Squaw Rapids, a favourite fishing stream, and on the far side were the remnants of the old log tramway. At this time you can follow the old route where the tramway dropped into present Schwatka Lake. All of that area was normal gravel found in any river bottom. So it is seen that there were two different flow patterns. It could have been millions of years ago that this took place, but what is significant is that lava when it cools will crack into six sided columns. An example of this may be readily seen on the Canyon walls. Over a period of time, water leaking between columns would freeze and break out the columns, wear down and break down the Canyon to its present state.

Another thought could be, "How did Ear Lake come into being?" On a small scale it is very similar to Crater Lake in Oregon, which was created by a volcano that caved in on itself. There is no inlet or outlet to the lake, and the water level depends on precipitation. Could this have been the first to contribute to the formation of Whitehorse Rapids? No one seems to have the true answer of how the White Horse Rapids was named, but Schwatka or one of the early explorers could have named it. In the 1800s it was common to call white capped waves, "White Horses", so it very well could have come from that. Those folks that saw the White Horse Rapids before they were tamed would remember that white comb that looked like white horses racing downstream.

Getting back to the story of my father, in the 1920s he was with Greenfield and Pickering on the overland stage that handled mail and freight. The summer was spent repairing equipment and getting it in shape for the next winter. One night he was in the beer parlour taking on a few and chatting with a newcomer. The new fellow had seen the Canyon and Rapids, and said, "Did you ever go through there?" Dad being in a boastful mood responded, "Sure, there is nothing to it!" The newcomer thought he would like to

do that, and at that my dad could hardly back out without appearing like a donkey. He had grown up on the Pelly River and had spent a lot of time in canoes.

So they loaded a freighter canoe on a truck and headed up to the Canyon. Taking that right hand road it brought them to the head of the Canyon where they launched. Before heading out, he said they loaded about 300 pounds of rock in the bottom of the canoe to make it stable. So they pushed off and he said that the Canyon was not bad except that it was "Drummy" from the thundering of the water reverberating between the rock walls. After making that, they made the slow right bend into what was then known as Squaw Rapids. Through there he said it was just fast and choppy and no problem. Then going into a slow left curve brought them to the present corner where the fish ladder starts. The river made a fairly sharp right turn where you could look down through the rapids. He said that he did a lot of sobering up in those moments.

At that point he said he would have liked to change his mind, but they were committed. He was handling the canoe from the stern and he knew he had to keep the canoe up on the comb of white water. For if you slipped off the comb you were bound to upset, and he could not swim a stroke. He said that going through it was wet with spray and the odd slop of water, but before you knew it you were through. They tied up the canoe and had to hike back to the Canyon to retrieve the truck. But he never had the urge again to make that trip over!



Bob Hughes photos courtesy Gina Span [ginaspan@yahoo.com](mailto:ginaspan@yahoo.com)

### **Check out Faro online.**

The Town of Faro has, as of last week, a new website. If you would like to put it in your next MOC TEL it would be nice for your readers to see, what is going on in our Town.

The website is available at [www.faroyukon.ca](http://www.faroyukon.ca)

Thank you, Anne Domes [octavia13@ykn.net](mailto:octavia13@ykn.net)

## Can you answer this question?

In the early to mid-sixties, my grandfather did a series of radio programs for the CBC "Walk around Dawson with Johnny Hoggan". He had copies but they were reel-to-reel and the machine did not survive the ensuing years. Then, eleven years ago, Chuck McKenzie sent us an excerpt that he had taped off the radio in Dawson, which we played at my parents' 50th wedding anniversary later that year. The grandchildren of Johnny Hoggan would love to purchase copies of those programs, but we don't know who to contact to do so. We would like to preserve them as part of our family heritage. Any ideas, fellow MocTel subscribers?

Maribeth Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca)

## Or this question?

Does anyone on MocTel have a recommendation for a quiet, reasonable place to stay in Beaver Creek in August?

Maribeth Mainer [mainerml@shaw.ca](mailto:mainerml@shaw.ca)

## More young people at the picnic identified.

*A couple of weeks ago I inserted a photo of young people having a picnic in the pre 1914 in Whitehorse. Lloyd Ryder has been able to identify which of the people in the photo where his father George and Aunt Daisy. As well he has identified Frank Harbottle.*

The young dark-haired fellow standing is Lloyd's dad George Ryder, and seated in front of him with the straw boater hat and dark hair is Daisy Ryder, his sister. The fellow on the far left, seated with the cap on is Frank Harbottle. Mrs. Lillian Harbottle is seated on the right of the woman with the braids wound around her head. That is the extent of his recognition.

Lloyd doesn't think the woman with the braids is Babe Richard's mother, but he will show the picture to her and see what she says. He also says that the reason he knew that Frank Harbottle was not Cam Smith, was because (a) he knew Frank and (b) Cam Smith lost an ear when he fell on a wood stove as a child. There are many ways to identify people!

Marny Ryder

## John Firth, author of **River Time: Racing the Ghosts of the Klondike**

**Rush** suggested that I contact the Moccasin Telegraph with information on his book tour. Firth makes his home in Whitehorse, Yukon Territory where he is the Chairperson of the Yukon Foundation. For his work he has received the Commissioners Award for

Public Service for his work in preserving Yukon history and culture. An avid outdoorsman, he has been a marathon runner for 35 years and was the founding President of the Yukon River Marathon Paddling Association.

River Time: Racing the Ghosts of the Klondike Rush is an adventure story, a detailed historical record, and a travel memoir that follows the path of the Klondike Gold Rush in pursuit of the past. In 1997 and 1998 extreme races were run from Dyea, Alaska to Dawson City, Yukon Territory. Their purpose, to recreate the Klondike Rush of 1897-98, and allow participants to experience first-hand the savage beauty of the North.

This is the chronicle of John Firth and his nephew as they trace the footsteps of their grandfather on the journey that changed his life and determined theirs. Through fascinating narrative, historically inspired letters from his grandfather, and photographs, both his own and historical, Firth brings to life the vivid scenery of the Yukon, and portrays the stark reality of the hardships faced by hundreds of souls stampeding from Dyea to Dawson a century apart.

For ordering information either look online at [www.newestpress.com](http://www.newestpress.com) or call NeWest Press at 1-866-796-5473.

John Firth will be touring to the cities listed below. Everyone is welcome at the events. Admission is free and refreshments will be served. See you there!!

The events are as follows:

#### Whitehorse

Thursday, May 6<sup>th</sup>, 6-8 pm-Launch

Midnight Sun Gallery and Gifts, 205C Main Street, **Whitehorse**, Yukon Y1A 2B2

Friday, May 7<sup>th</sup>. (time to be confirmed)-Signing

Mac's Fireweed Books 203 Main Street, **Whitehorse** (867) 668-6104

#### Vancouver

Monday, May 10<sup>th</sup> 7:30pm-Reading

**Travel Bug Bookstore**, 3065 West Broadway  
with Margaret Thompson, (604) 737-1122

#### Calgary

Tuesday, May 11<sup>th</sup>. 7:30 pm-Reading

McNally Robinson Booksellers, 120 - 8th Avenue SW, (403) 538-1797

#### Edmonton

Thursday, May 13<sup>th</sup>. 7:30 pm-Reading

Greenwoods' Bookshoppe, 7925 - 104th Street, 780-439-2005

## **Skagway**

Saturday, May 15<sup>th</sup>, 1-4pm-Reading  
Skaguay News & Books, Broadway near Third

If you have any questions or comments you can reach Rebecca Whitney  
(Marketing Coordinator) at [rebecca@newestpress.com](mailto:rebecca@newestpress.com)

Sincerely, Rebecca

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Rebecca Whitney, Marketing  
NeWest Press, 201-8540-109 Street, Edmonton, AB T6G 1E6  
T: (780) 432-9427 F: (780) 433-3179 <http://www.newestpress.com>

## **NEW ADDITIONS**

Hi my name is Rhoda Istchenko I live in Haines Jct. and have done so ever since 1956,  
Corrine Sears was telling me about the Moccasin Telegraph and I wonder if you could  
add me to the list. Much appreciated!

My e mail address is [sunflower\\*northwestel.net](mailto:sunflower*northwestel.net)

Cheers Rhoda

## **CHANGE OF ADDRESS**

Due to problems we were having with polarcom, we have have switched to to  
WHTV, so our new E.mail address is [ciacam\\*klondiker.com](mailto:ciacam*klondiker.com) I have missed the moctel,  
so hope it will start coming our way again

KINDEST REGARDS N. IAN CAMPBELL

White Pass expecting over 700,000 people into Skagway this year

## **REMOVED FROM THE LIST**

Could you remove me from the mailing list as we'll be away most of the summer.

Thanks for the past year of info.

Ray Desgagne

DESGAGNE, Ray & Carol [desgagne\\*telusplanet.net](mailto:desgagne*telusplanet.net) (403) 335-8287 Didsbury AB

## **QUOTE OF THE WEEK**

*I am too young to know everything.* Oscar Wilde

## RECIPE OF THE WEEK

Submitted by Sandy Campbell [northernlyght\\*shaw.ca](mailto:northernlyght*shaw.ca)

### Alaska Stew

2 lbs of hamburger  
1 can of kidney beans with the juice  
1 can green beans with the juice  
1 sm can of tomatoes  
1/2 a medium onion  
1/2 cup of water  
salt and pepper to taste  
a couple of shots of worchestershire sauce  
1 tbsp of margarine or butter.

(This is really quite good over rice or mashed potatoes.)

## DATES TO REMEMBER

Okanagan Yukoners Picnic:

**June 27, 2004 at the Summerland Ornamental Gardens.** We have the site from **11am till 3 pm.** We usually eat at **noon.** There will be an article in the next newsletter coming out in a couple of weeks. Larry Chalmers [aksala49\\*cablerocket.com](mailto:aksala49*cablerocket.com)

### A-golfing we shall go -----to Faro

To many former Yukoner's and Faro-ites, the Faro Golf course brings back memories of a course, very different than the usual golf greens. Lots has changed and the Club and the Town have been busy,

This year, the 7th Annual Golf Tournament is on the weekend of July 23rd. - 24th and we welcome every one. Our golf ball drop from a Helicopter (Sept. 11th.) is always a huge success with big prizes. Need more info?

E-mail me at: [octavia13\\*YKnet.ca](mailto:octavia13*YKnet.ca) and please put golfing in the subject line.

*See you at the tournament in July in Faro. Anne M. Domes*

## SIGN UP TO RECEIVE THE MOCCASIN TELEGRAPH

If you have received this copy of the Moccasin Telegraph from a friend and wish to sign up to receive future editions yourself, the criteria is that you **are or were a Yukoner.** **I need to know your name, e-mail address, when and where you lived in Yukon and which City you are living in now.** If you are female and were unmarried in Yukon please include your **maiden name** as well. It helps me to maintain control over safety of the material to know **who** told you about this project. I wish to keep that control since not only are you signing up to receive the **Moccasin Telegraph**, but you are also allowing

me to **share your e-mail address** with the rest of the group. The combined **list of everyone's e-mail address** is then sent out periodically to all members of the list. The goal of this project is to provide an opportunity for folks to reconnect.

– Sherron Jones [sherronjones@shaw.ca](mailto:sherronjones@shaw.ca)